



A Stranger Monster in Hogwarts by Kitkat39612

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Summary: El, Dustin, Mike and Lucas end up in Hogwarts as Slytherin's Monster is purging the school of the unworthy'. What will it do to four muggles? When Lucas goes missing, the kids realise they brought something else with them when they arrived at Hogwarts. El, Mike and Dustin team up with Harry, Ron and Hermione to try and save Lucas. But things rapidly spiral out of control. Completed

1. Chapter One: Entrance

1

`Happy Birthday to you,' sang Hermione tunelessly as Ron turned a wince into a smile. In Hermione's hands was a sponge cake slathered in maroon icing (I'm so sorry, Ron. Mum ran out of any other food colouring) and in two inch iced letters were the words *Thirteen Today!* Hermione neared the end of her song. `Happy Birthday, dear Ro-nald, Happy Birthday to you!'

Harry broke into applause, and so did Ron. Hermione smiled proudly, unable to clap but nodding fiercely. The Gryffindor table eyed the cake when Hermione placed it carefully on the smooth wooden surface, shifting a plate of bacon and almost crushing Trevor.

`Sorry, Neville- Ron, do you want to cut the first slice?' Hermione pushed a blunt butter knife into Ron's hand. Ron looked down at it a little nervously and nodded. When he hacked his way through the first slice, it was as if a bomb went off.

`Can I have some!'

`And me!'

`Can I have two slices, me mam'll want some-'

Silence fell when McGonagall clopped her way over to them, her leather shoes clacking on the stone floor.

`A little order might be nice,' she said sternly. Then waved her wand and muttered, `*Gemino*. There,' and started walking away as three copies materialized. `Enough for everyone.'

Harry was certain he caught a slight smile as the cakes floated to each of the house tables.

`I'll give it to your mum, Hermione,' Ron mumbled, licking icing off his fingers. `She's not half bad at cakes.' Even though the compliment wasn't aimed at her, Hermione blushed as they walked past a broom cupboard.

BANG!

The three turned their heads sharply to the door. Muffled voices came out.

`Where are we-'

`Mike?'

`I'm okay, El-'

Harry strode forwards and opened the door. Four kids tumbled out. One of them, a boy in a red jacket, looked around, eyes popping. Then yelled

`*SEE! I told you she's the monster!*' He pointed accusingly towards a short, skinny girl. Her eyes were wide and terrified- *understandable*, thought Harry. The boy in the red jacket looked like he was going to kill her.

`She's not the monster!' Snapped a second boy. He resembled Harry, to an extent- no glasses and less messy hair, but similar colouring and height.

`Then where are we? Go on, answer!'

American? Thought Harry, surprised. Then as their voices got louder, Harry began to worry. To get to Charms quicker Harry had led them through a shortcut, but that didn't mean no one could come by. And with the racket these kids who *certainly* weren't Hogwarts students were making...

`Maybe we should tell a teacher?' Hissed Hermione, leaning closer to Harry and Ron. She stared at the girl's blonde hair, and Ron shook his head decisively.

`Are you insane? With all the stuff happening?'

`Well, it *could* be them!'

The four new kids watched Ron and Hermione bickering. Harry decided to take matters into his own hands.

`My name's Harry, Harry Potter,' he said. `And this is Hermione Granger and Ron Weasley. You're in Hogwarts. In Scotland.'

`Son of a bitch,' sighed a third boy with a lisp. `Mom says it always rains here.'

After a considerable amount of circular arguments that went nowhere and bickering, eventually it was decided that they'd take the four kids back to the deserted common room.

`What's your name?' Hermione asked the blonde girl. The girl looked at her and pulled back the sleeve of her blue jacket. Then tapped on three inked-on numbers.

`Eleven,' Hermione read slowly. The girl- Eleven- nodded then pulled her sleeve back down, keeping her chin tucked into her chest.

`Where do you live?' Hermione pressed on, keeping her tone light. However, her probing was painfully obvious.

Eleven shrunk away slightly, then whispered, `With Mike.'

`Who's Mike?'

`Me,' interrupted the one with black hair. `And stop asking her questions, you're scaring her.' Hermione went a little pink and backed off. Mike turned back round, and continued walking.

Something Harry had been panicking about on the way to the common room was getting past the Fat Lady. However, for *once*, luck was on their side.

The Fat Lady's head drooped on her shoulder, with Violet snoring loudly next to her. A sturdy wooden crate lay on it's side, a few empty bottles scattered about.

`Grindylow,' Ron said. He seemed to have warmed up quite quickly to Dustin. The Fat Lady opened her eyes a crack. They all held their breath, but her eyelids slid back down.

`All the same to me, dear,' she groaned, then swung forward. The motion seemed to be too much for Violet, who threw up off the edge

of the frame.

`That's nasty,' the red jacket boy muttered, his face screwed up. Harry led the way through the passage. However, when they reached the common room, Eleven tripped over as she was climbing out. She fell down with a thump; the red carpet was too thick for it to have hurt, but her blonde hair came flying off. It hit Ron in the face, who caught it, almost dropped it and then finally got a good hold on the silky, synthetic hair. Looking mortified, Eleven's hands jumped up to her scalp, trying to cover it.

`I *thought* you were wearing a wig!' Blurted Hermione tactlessly. Eleven's real hair was buzzed almost down to the scalp, and dark brown. She got up off the floor unsteadily and grabbed it, before smoothing it back down over her real hair. Her face shone scarlet.

`You okay, El?' Called Mike, who came through last.

Eleven nodded, the hem of her dress knotted up in her hands.

Harry, Ron and Hermione introduced different bits of the common room. When Hermione pointed towards the girl's dormitory, Dustin and Red Jacket (who still hadn't spoken to anyone) looked at each other briefly. After a moment's pause, they sprinted up the stairs whilst snorting, which rapidly turned to yells of shock as the staircase turned into a smooth slide. Red Jacket landed with a thump on his back, whereas Dustin was cushioned by the large rucksack on his back. There was a loud crunch.

`Sonofabitch,' he swore. `The Pringles.' Ron's eyes went wide.

`You've got Pringles?' He asked weakly, before snapping out of it and helping Dustin up.

`Thanks,' he replied, clapping Ron on the arm a couple of times. Then a little giggle broke the air. Eleven, blonde once again, pressed a hand to her mouth but the smile was still visible. At least until red jacket boy glared at her.

`Something's going on there,' Harry whispered in Hermione's ear, almost inaudible. She nodded.

`What just happened?' Snarled red jacket boy, getting up and rubbing his head. `How did the stairs change?'

`Oh...'

Harry, Ron and Hermione realised they'd completely forgotten to mention the magic. If Eleven, Mike, Dustin and Red Jacket were Muggles they wouldn't have been able to get into the castle. However, it was now clear that they had zero idea of the nature of the school; maybe they'd thought the painting was a TV.

`Yeah, um, we're wizards. She's a witch,' explained Ron. `And this is Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.' Red Jacket didn't say anything- he turned around, completely silent. Then walked quietly over to Harry's favourite armchair by the fire. Harry thought that the other boy might be about to faint; then Red Jacket kicked the armchair so hard it shot a good three feet away.

`Lucas!' Shouted Dustin.

`I'm sick of this!' Yelled Lucas, gesturing with his fists. `Magic, and *dimensions*, and fleas and acrobats and- *shit*!' He kicked the armchair another foot. It skidded to a halt barely an inch away from the crackling fire. Then he stormed towards the portrait hole.

`No!' Shouted Hermione. `If you're a Muggle- You can't leave, it isn't *safe*-'

Lucas paid no heed. He wrenched open the door, scrambled through the passage, and then out the other side.

There was a slam, and an indignant shout from the Fat Lady. Dustin's mouth hung open slightly.

Ron shook his head slowly. `He's dead.'

2. Chapter Two: Demogorgon

2

`Dead? What do you mean, *dead*?' Mike asked, voice laced with panic. That seemed a little odd to Harry- Mike had been refusing to look in Lucas's direction since they'd appeared in that cupboard.

`Things have been happening here,' Harry started explaining stiltedly.

`There's something hurting students here. Muggle borns, and our caretaker's a Squib. His cat got petrified. No one knows what it is, but it wants to clean the school of anyone who isn't magic enough. And if Lucas is a muggle...'

Ron's sentence trailed off but it was perfectly clear what he meant.

`Are none of you wizards?' Hermione asked, chewing nervously on a fingernail. `Or witches,' she added, looking at Eleven.

A strange look came over Eleven. Her eyes suddenly filled with frightening intensity; Hermione took a step back.

And a wizard chess piece flew from across the room into Eleven's palm. The bishop threw a violent tantrum, furiously waving about his little stick; no one any paid attention.

`I've never heard of non-verbal spells cast by someone our age,' Hermione said wonderingly. `You must be extremely powerful.' Eleven bit her lip, smiled slightly and then, as if showing off, let the bishop float in the air. She returned him to the box.

`It's not magic,' Mike said. `It's sort of like this telepathy thing.'

`Telekinesis,' corrected Dustin and Hermione at the same time.

Harry looked back and forth. Were they seriously not bothering to ask the obvious question?

`How did you lot *get* here?' Asked Harry into the silence.

`Oh. Right.' Dustin and Mike's eyes moved to Eleven.

`Didn't mean to,' she muttered quietly. So she could speak.

`We were looking for our friend, Will. He got pulled into this place called the Upside Down, and Dustin figured out how to get to the portal,' explained Mike. `But Eleven changed the compasses so we went in the wrong direction-'

Eleven looked up, for the first time seeming a little angry. `*Dangerous*,' she said firmly, if not furiously. Mike pressed on.

`And Lucas started yelling at Eleven. We got into a fight and Eleven started screaming and then we got jolted here.'

`Did we go back in time?' Asked Dustin. `This place looks like it's medieval times.'

`It's 1993,' Ron said helpfully.

`Nine years forward!' Dustin zoomed to Ron and grabbed his shoulders. `Tell me, please- Do they do a sequel of Poltergeist? This is important, Ron!'

`Yeah, they do, and it's bloody awful!' Ron replied, peeling Dustin off. He stepped back, looking distraught.

`Is this the most important thing right now?' Snapped Mike, gesturing at the door. `What about-'

But before he could finish, there was a shriek. It bounced off the walls, echoing away into nothing.

`Lucas,' Mike whispered quietly.

`No one's shouted before,' Hermione said, equally quietly. `Something's different.'

`And I didn't hear the voice,' added Harry. Then he turned round and properly focused on Dustin, Eleven and Mike- all three were white as sheets, and Eleven looked like she was going to vomit.

`What?' Harry, Ron and Hermione asked in unison. Dustin replied, his voice shaking.

`Demogorgon.'

3. Chapter Three: Sorting

3

Tom Riddle looked out through the eyes of Ginny Weasley.

Something new, something- not right. His monster wasn't the only one roaming Hogwarts. And a new body was running through the halls; dirty and impure. Not just a muggleborn- an actual *muggle*. How did it get in?

Tom spurred Ginny onwards and she unsteadily walked towards the source of the pounding footsteps. Along a corridor, through a tapestry, up a flight of concealed stairs-

Found you.

A muggle in a red jacket ran, breath wheezing out of his chest. It's jacket flew out behind like a cape, and something was following it with heavy, lumbering strides.

The monster was just around the corner.

And then it came into sight; a panic reponse sparked in Ginny Weasley's brain, which Tom immediately dulled. If she had too strong an emotional reaction to something, it would break the possession.

Something white and skinny and muscled chased the muggle- it reached out a long claw towards it, and in desperation the muggle shot a few pebbles at it. Tom watched, amused. Then even *he* felt a slight jolt of nerves when the monster opened up it's face, a shriek ripping from it's throat. Strands of saliva landed wetly on the ground. He took a step back; this body was mortal. With him inside it, if the Weasley girl died, he'd be gone too.

The muggle screamed with fear, a thin, reedy yell. And then it was caught, like a fish on a hook. The muggle thrashed and kicked, and tried to throw the slingshot. It missed by miles, thumping into a tapestry and then breaking apart dramatically when it struck the ground. Tom could see the muggle's second scream of terror building

up in it's throat-

And they were gone. Just like that. One second there, and then the air seemed to be settling around the empty hole the two figures left.

Tom frowned; Apparation wasn't possible in Hogwarts.

Hopefully that monster wouldn't be a threat to his Basilisk. And then he was too weak to hold on; Tom released Ginny Weasley, and she collapsed to the ground.

`You three hide here,' Hermione ordered bossily, pointing to a broom cupboard. It was larger than the one they'd landed in, but no picnic. And Harry thought it was a little unnecessary- there was still an hour and a quarter before they had to worry about students coming out of lessons. Then again, a year's experience of Hermione had taught him better than to argue when she was set on something.

But Eleven seemed sick- her face drained of all colour when she saw the cupboard, and breaths jerked from her lungs in a harsh rhythm.

`Eleven?' Hermione asked, concern filling her face. By that point Eleven had started to shiver.

`Bad,' she said, rooting herself to the ground so no one could push her into the cupboard. Then something added even more panic to the mix- the sound of leather shoes clacking on the floor.

`Bloody hell,' Ron muttered. McGonagall was only round the corner- she'd be upon them in a couple of seconds, at most.

And then McGonagall saw them. In an attempt to seem more wizard-like, Dustin whipped off his cap and threw his rucksack into the cupboard. The elderly witch came to a sudden halt and took in the scene. Then her face of thunder descended.

`Potter. Granger. Weasley. What on earth are you doing?' She barked at them. Her gaze snapped to the others. `Who might you three be?'

Harry prayed the others would keep their mouths shut and let him to the talking.

`This is Mike, Dustin and, um, Elliot,' Harry said, before cursing inwardly. Ron used the cover of robes to stamp on his foot.

McGonagall's eyebrows disappeared into her grey hairline.

`Elliot? For a girl?' Hermione's hair was going frizzier.

`They're- American,' Harry said limply, then carrying on in what he hoped was a stronger tone. `They said they ran away to Hogwarts because their parents put bars on their windows, and, and wouldn't give them food.'

Despite it being March in Scotland, Harry noted he seemed rather hot. There was a long, long silence. Then-

`I'm not quite sure what to make of Elliot,' Professor McGonagal said, `but she certainly seems in need of some food. I'll take you down to Professor Dumbledore.'

At the mention of food, Eleven's ears pricked up. Harry could just imagine a wagging tail.

`Eggos?' She asked hopefully.

`Hm? Oh, I'm certain we could rustle up some eggs somewhere. Yes, I think you'll be coming to the hospital wing. Michael and Dustin, I'll ask Professor Snape to escort you.'

Eleven looked worried as she was led away from Mike. He gave her an encouraging nod, and the corner of her pink dress disappeared around the corner.

`Bloody hell, *Snape* coming to take you!' Ron groaned, putting a fist up to his forehead.

`You'll have to get your stories straight,' Hermione said, chewing on an end of hair as she spoke. `Starting with your names. Michael and Dustin, um-'

`Clarke,' offered Dustin.

`Yes, you can use that as your name. But you're *muggles*, how can we

pass you off as wizards?'

A sudden change came over Mike- he seemed smugger somehow. Prouder. 'Eleven can cover for us. She's amazing.'

'Yeah, but if you lot get put in different houses,' Ron shrugged. 'You're screwed.'

'Houses?' Asked Mike, the proud look fading.

'Yeah. Gryffindor-' Ron raised his hand, 'Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, and Slytherin, which is the evil house.'

'Evil?' Commented Mike, his face sinking deeper into a worried frown. 'What if we get put in that one?'

Hermione's voice rose, shrill and high. 'It shouldn't matter! Inter-house relations should be promoted and rivalries are-'

'Not one good wizard has come out of that house,' interrupted Harry. 'You might get put with us or in Ravenclaw. Maybe Hufflepuff.'

'And what do we have here?' A hand clamped down on Harry's shoulder.

They all jumped. Dustin let out a little shriek. Snape bore down on all of them, a sour expression between his greasy curtains of hair. 'Michael and- *Dustin?*'

Dustin smiled weakly, showing off his lack of teeth. 'Yeah. Yeah, that's us.' His lisp seemed to come out more when stressed. Snape smirked at the gaps.

'Got in the way of a muggle dentist, did you?'

Hermione flushed. Her hands twitched to her wand. Harry recalled the incident where she'd set Snape on fire, and pinched his leg sharply to keep the laugh locked inside.

'With me,' Snape ordered, and his hands shot out, keeping Mike and Dustin in vice-like grips. There was zero doubt of bruises.

Harry, Ron and Hermione could only watch as the others were dragged in the opposite direction.

Mike wondered if he could jump out of a window without killing himself.

'See, I called you Gandalf cause of, cause of the *beard*,' Dustin chuckled, gesturing at his own chin. Snape's face had twisted into sour glee, whilst Dumbledore's face was scarily impassive as he viewed Dustin through half moon spectacles.

'He didn't mean to be rude,' Mike said hastily, as heat swept over his face. Then regretted opening his mouth as Dumbledore's eyes moved to him.

'And yet, sadly, accidental rudeness often occurs,' he said mistily. 'Don't do it again. What are your names?'

'Dustin and Mike Clarke, sir,' Dustin said, clearly trying to make up for the Gandalf crack earlier on.

'And Professor McGonagall informed me that she has your sister down with Madame Pomfrey. Is there anyone else I should know about?'

'Yeah, our other brother, Lucas. He went off alone.'

The misty look dissappeared from Dumbledore's eyes. 'Alone? At a time like this?'

Mike nodded. 'We need to get him back.'

'The stupidity of teenagers who think they know everything,' declared Snape loudly, 'is pitiful. Clarke, if your brother was foolhardy enough to go out unaccompanied, he is as good as Petrified. He could even be the first life taken by the monster. No resources could possibly be wasted upon him.'

That was when Dustin and Mike made the silent conclusion that not a single adult in this crackhouse was to be trusted.

Eleven tried, with some difficulty, to figure out how to eat a hard

boiled egg.

Her small teeth bit down on the shell as McGonagall and Madame Pomfrey conferred on the other side of the curtain.

'Poppy, what's the matter with her? She's filthy, *bald* for whatever reason, she doesn't look like she's had a square meal in months.'

'I don't know, Minerva. There's certainly some trauma, but if her parents abused her and her brothers that's to be expected. I don't think there's anything we can do apart from trying to keep her and her brothers together- of course, the Sortin Hat has the final word- And maybe we should feed them all up a little.'

The curtain swished back, the rings clacking on the metal rail. Madame Pomfrey and Professor McGongal saw Eleven picking shell out from between her teeth.

'You need to peel it,' McGonagall informed her, before making the motions with her hands. Eleven frowned, watching intently. Then her face cleared, and she successfully navigated her way around her first boiled egg.

Elliot seems rather endearing, McGonagall would later write down in her letters to her sister. *If with a ridiculous name*.

Next came the sorting.

Eleven, Mike and Dustin all stood before the dusty hat, taken prematurely out of Dumbledore's Office. Eleven had her wig off, and stared distrustfully at the noisy little objects balanced on tables. She wished her telekinesis would make them stop, but nothing happened if she tried.

Eleven reached out a hand and held onto Mike's.

'Michael Clarke,' McGonagall read out authoritively. Reluctantly, Mike slid up to the stool, perched on top of it, and dropped the hat over his ears. What would happen here? If there was *anything* the last week or so had taught him, it was to always expect-

What do we have here? Hmm, no magic in this one. Mike jumped at the

voice rattled around his ears. It could *read his mind!* How? *Yes, I can read your mind. And I know your secrets, muggle.*

Don't tell anyone. We need to find Lucas, Mike thought, terrified of what the hat could give away. A bark of laughter rang in his head.

A muggle trying to be a wizard! Well, I could keep that a secret...

Mike's heart jumped. *Would you also mind keeping me with Dustin and Eleven?*

Sorry, only one favour per sorting!

`Ravenclaw!' The hat roared. Mike swore under his breath as Dustin took the podium.

Dustin's turn was far shorter.

`Hufflepuff!' The hat shouted the minute it touched Dustin's springy curls.

Keep me with Eleven, please keep me with Eleven, Mike prayed silently as she tiptoed up to the stool. Eleven picked up the heavy leather hat, and it fell over her ears.

Silence, and more silence, and more silence.

Mike felt the butterflies in his stomach turn into griffins, as he started to count- just for luck.

The rip in the brim opened up, and called out with horrible finality, *`Gryffindor!'*

4. Chapter Four: Run Michael Run

4

Harry pored over the book that would hopefully teach him how to transfigure a snake into a length of string. There was so much confusing information being packed into his skull that Harry was surprised steam wasn't coming out of his ears. Unfortunately, to his left, there were several grubby strings all lined up in front of Hermione. Her face was covered with poorly disguised smugness.

`The password's `Grindylow'- mind you remember it, Elliot.'

McGonagall. Harry hastily cleared away the pathetic attempt at Transfiguration as the portrait hole swung open. Eleven came through, in oversized robes and tie instead of her filthy dress and jacket. Those were presumably in the bag she carried.

All eyes turned towards her. Ron gave Eleven a friendly wave, which she hesitantly returned.

`Go and meet your housemates, Elliot,' McGonagall said, not unkindly, but still authoritively. Eleven stepped further into the room and Professor McGonagall left. Harry saw Lavender Brown lift back Parvati's hair and whisper into her ear, as Eleven stood nervously, shifting from foot to foot.

`Come and sit with us, Elliot,' Harry said cheerfully. Happy to escape the limelight, Eleven scurried over and sat down in an armchair that almost absorbed her.

`LaZboy,' she murmured.

Then Lavender stood up and walked over. She flicked her brown hair back, then opened her mouth into an unnaturally wide smile.

`Hello, I'm Lavender,' she said loudly. `You're new here. What's your name?'

`Elliot,' Eleven replied, shrinking further back into the armchair. Harry felt an instinctive urge to somehow drive Lavender away, like a

irritating pigeon.

`Would you like to-' she giggled here, and looked back to Parvati. Parvati was insensible with silent laughter. `Would you like to hang out with us?'

Harry kept his fingers crossed Eleven would say no, and Hermione had sparks flying from her eyes. Ron's ears flushed redder and redder.

`No,' Eleven replied firmly, shaking her head and sitting up straighter.

And that was that for the rest of the evening, as Eleven looked through the supplies and wand McGonagall had issued her. Hermione occasionally chipped in with an enthusiastic comment such as `Ooh, that one's good- Read this before you start charms, it's a *lifesaver*-'

`*Murder!*' Wailed Nearly Headless Nick as he soared into the common room. `Dead, dead! Slaughtered in the Entrance Hall!' His head was fully detached in his distress.

`*What?*' Yelled Harry, his books tumbling off his lap as he jumped up. `The monster again?'

Eleven covered her ears against the noise.

Nick swooned dramatically, hand to forehead. `What else, dear boy? But this night, the victim is a Slytherin.'

The word was repeated with rising hysteria. Then McGonagall came charging in, robes gathered up in one hand. Her tartan socks had scarlet pom-poms at the top.

`Nicolas, I expected better of you than to stir up the students like this! All of you, with me,' she barked, and immediately the Gryffindors filed out. Eleven held onto Hermione's shoulder to try and stay anchored in the stampede to the door.

Mike couldn't get the image out of his head.

It reminded him of the roadkill he sometimes saw buzzards picking at- torn open, scattered about. No decay, not yet. But somehow the

freshness made it so much more horrifying.

The worst part was the blood he managed to get on his shoes, thick and clotted. That, and the first-year's remaining eye, frozen open and staring. It seemed like the boy was staring at *him*.

All Mike had wanted to do was see Eleven; that was it. Find Eleven, collect Dustin and figure out how to get to Lucas and Will. Somehow get *home*.

Then he'd seen the torn corpse in the Entrance Hall. Claw marks all around- there was no doubt what had caused it.

The demogorgon was getting deadlier. All Mike had been able to do was stare at the exposed strings of tendons and ligaments for a minute, then ran to find a teacher, whilst feeling evil and sick for thanking God it was some other kid, and not Lucas.

Four houses worth of students were crammed into the dungeons. It was deemed the safest place, with it's easily defended doors. There was no question of students being forced through the Entrance Hall.

Dustin pushed through the crowd, scanning for Mike and Eleven.

Rumours flew about- who had found the body? What did it look like?

Dustin wanted no part in it.

A boy named Ernie had told him the house colours of Gryffindor and Ravenclaw. Then a smattering of freckles and a mop of ginger hair came into sight. Dustin sprinted after Ron and grabbed his sleeve. Ron jumped.

`Hey, Ron,' he panted. `Where's Elev- Elliot?'

`Hermione,' Ron answered. `They went to find you and your friend. I think she's in the Slytherin bit.' Ron seemed to muse for a second. `God help her.'

`Thanks. Here's some candy,' and Dustin tossed him a packet of Smarties smuggled into his robes.

Disciplined as always, the Slytherins were stuck in one solid mass.

`If your siblings care, they will come to you,' Snape said coldly as students begged to be let out of the group to check on family. `Moving around makes for *inefficient* searching.'

`Elliot? El?' Dustin called over the racket. She would be *way* easier to spot without that blonde wig. Hopefully the bossy girl with the space hair would be more visible...

`Dustin?' Eleven's voice, quiet as always, reached his ears.

`El! Hey! You're not dead!' Dustin said enthusiastically.

`Not dead,' Eleven agreed seriously. `Mike?' She asked hopefully, craning her neck. A boy jolted Dustin forwards as he shook his head.

`Hey, look where're you're going,' Dustin snapped. The boy stopped, and turned round. His eyes narrowed.

`You got in my way, *Hufflepuff*,' he snarled, pointed eyes getting pointier. He turned to Eleven and did an over-exaggerated sniff. Then turned to Hermione. `Mudblood,' he greeted her politely. A smirk replaced the ugly snarl.

`Malfoy, back off or I'll hex you,' Hermione snapped, gripping her wand to show she meant business. But Dustin saw, with shock, that her eyes were filled with tears.

Eleven got there first. Malfoy froze up. Only his eyes twitched. `What the-'

Then his robes flew up and his trousers fell around his ankles.

Despite the terror, laughter burst through the houses. Eleven held Malfoy still for a few seconds more before letting him go to tug up his trousers, cheeks burning.

`Mudblood, you'll pay for that, you'll *pay*-'

`How?' Dustin asked, grinning. `Her wand wasn't out.'

Malfoy seemed lost for words, then ran back to Crabbe and Goyle, who flanked him like shields. Crabbe's face was pink with suppressed laughter.

Eleven caught Hermione's eye and winked. It was terrible, all screwed and squinted up, but still recognisable as a wink.

Dustin laughed until his gut ached.

Mike could hear everyone laughing.

Unfortunately, he was on the wrong side of the heavy, locked door. On the wrong side and trying not to breathe too loudly as the demogorgon staggered through the corridor.

He had been so close, so *unbearably* close to making it to that door—all he'd done was stop to help a first year.

A girl with flaming hair and an empty look in her eyes. Her unconscious body was behind a statue of a one-eyed witch in the recovery position. Mike hadn't wanted to knock her out, but without any warning a jet of green light had blasted from the end of her wand.

Mike didn't have to be a wizard to know this was very bad indeed. Something- instinct, maybe- had told him not to run or dodge but to make sure she was too incapacitated to come after him.

So he'd slammed her head against the statue.

The more he thought about it, the more it seemed like the right decision; a thick, viscous substance like ink had bubbled out of her mouth when her tiny body had hit the floor. It oozed from her nose. The black stuff gathered into a puddle on the floor and for a minute, it seemed to stare at him. Then it seeped into the wall through a tiny crack. And Mike had run down to the dungeons. He shouldn't have followed the girl; she had held her limbs in a horrible way. When the girl raised her wand, it looked like someone had tugged up her arm at the elbow. Her wrist and fingers were slack, her head was unnaturally tilted up, she was knock-kneed.

And the demogorgon had that same quality as it sluggishly moved

through the corridor where Mike hid. He was crunched up in a corner, no way of escape if it found him.

A thought suddenly returned to him- the blood on his shoes. Would the scent attract the demogorgon? He shifted his shoe a little, and there was a sticky noise as his blood-covered shoe detached from the ground. The demogorgon came to a sudden halt. Mike froze.

Don't let me die.

It's eyeless head turned to him.

Don't let me die.

The head twitched up.

Please, don't let me die.

And the demogorgon ran towards him with a scream.

5. Chapter Five: Carnage

5

`NO!' Tom had screamed as the new monster tore viciously at his basilisk. *`No, no, no!'*

It's mouth ripped away chunks of scales and flesh from the basilisk's frame. The thrashing and writhing and screaming echoed through the Chamber of Secrets as Tom stood, helpless, as the monster ripped apart the neck of his basilisk.

It took half an hour before his basilisk's pain stopped, and Tom had considered putting the poor thing out of it's misery; but he couldn't do that without a body to possess, and the Weasley girl was still unconscious upstairs.

With a final moan, the enormous snake went limp. Long hands covered with blood, the monster drew back, as if satisfied.

A sudden rage gripped Tom, stronger than he'd experienced in a long while; it was agonizing to be possessed. And this monster killed his basilisk.

Tom let his body lose it's structure, and splashed to the ground. In this form, in this slick, inky substance he slid across the floor towards the monster.

Hello, monster, he thought.

Then latched himself onto it's white, muscled leg. It screamed and shook it's leg, trying to get him off. Tom shot up it's leg, it's torso, and forced himself down the monster's mouth, suffocating it's power to resist.

It's struggling stopped- eventually.

/

Tom made his way to the dungeons. There was another muggle nearby; he didn't know what happened to the other one, the first one.

It was nowhere he could see.

Come out, come out.

The muggle was somewhere in the corridor. The monster was blind, but Tom realised that the monster's heightened sense of smell- particularly blood- coupled with his ability to find impure things in the castle made them quite the effective team.

There was a sticky sound.

Tom found his head whipping round against his will- clearly the monster's bloodlust could overpower his possession. Like an unruly horse, Tom struggled to get the monster back in check but it pounded blindly towards the smell.

Pounded right *past* the muggle.

And burst through the barricaded doors.

/

`Elliot, you alright?' Harry asked, when he'd finished laughing. A steady stream of blood dripped into Eleven's lips, the red bleeding into every crease in her mouth. It looked quite alarming, to be honest. Eleven nodded.

`She's fine,' Dustin explained. `Her nose bleeds when she uses her powers.'

`That's new,' Hermione said. `Harry, have you seen Ron anywhere?'

`Oh, he's back there,' Dustin offered up helpfully, jerking a thumb behind him.

And then the doors to the dungeons flew off their hinges, as the demogorgon charged in with a roar.

/

Mike sprinted into the carnage, hollering `Dustin! *El! ELEVEN!*'

Students screamed and ran in every direction, pounding on the other locked doors. The demogorgon roared, strings of spit flying from its mouth.

`Out of the way, out of the way!' McGonagall ran to the door and waved her wand. There was a click, and students streamed into the corridor.

Mike whipped his head round, yelling his throat raw.

`*MIKE!*' Another voice screamed.

`Eleven!' They ran towards each other. Mike grabbed her hand.
`Where's Dustin and the others?'

`Gone,' Eleven gasped.

Mike was still processing this when McGonagall charged towards them.

`What are you two doing? RUN!'

They listened to her, and Mike and Eleven fled through the twisting stone corridors of the castle, the horrible noises pursuing them. They ran for fifteen minutes, Eleven's warm hand clinging to Mike's.

`In here,' Mike said, spotting an empty classroom. He started dragging desks across the door but Eleven floated them through the air, before dropping them down with a loud crash.

`*Sh,*' Mike hissed, putting a finger to his lips. Eleven guiltily froze, and both turned to check the door.

Nothing.

`Think we're safe.' Mike felt the adrenaline of the last few minutes leave his body and slid down the wall. He settled at the bottom of it, panting heavily.

`Mike?'

`I'm okay, don't worry.'

Eleven sat next to him. She wore a crisp white shirt, red and yellow tie, a skirt and socks that went up to her grubby knees. The overlarge robe had been left behind in the chaos, along with her wig.

Mike saw Eleven worriedly touching her head. 'You don't need it,' Mike said gently. Then immediately flushed scarlet. 'I-I mean-'

Eleven smiled, cheeks pink as well.

'Could you try and see what the demogorgon wants?' Mike asked after an embarrassed pause.

'Dark place?' Eleven replied, a cloud crossing over her face. She nodded. 'I'll try.'

She took off her tie and wrapped it like a blindfold around her head. 'Hum,' she ordered Mike, and, slightly confused, Mike began to hum in a dull, repetitive note.

Eleven slipped away.

/

Tom fought for control over the monster. It was far more powerful than the Weasley girl...

It occurred to Tom that he'd bitten off more than he could chew.

'Obey me! I am *your master!*' He shrieked inside the monster's head. The monster shook its head furiously and Tom felt his already tenuous hold on the monster become weaker. They had two very different motives- to purge the school of the unworthy, and to find one particular girl.

Tom could see her face through the monster's mind.

Fine. If he could get control of the castle back by finding this girl, then so be it. He wasn't above sacrificing children for his own ends; in fact, it was useful to do so. This girl was a *muggle*, no matter how powerful the monster seemed to think she was.

If he could kill two birds with one stone, well, that would just be an

added bonus. The monster had her scent, he'd been drawn by her blood. It would be easy to track this girl down.

`Hey, *Voldemort!*'

Tom Riddle swung the monster's head around, looking for the source of the sound. `Yeah, I know you're in there,' Potter continued.

Tom smirked. The monster had torn apart a basilisk. A twelve year old boy? *Easy.*

The only problem was, the monster was blind. It was attracted by blood. How to make the Potter boy bleed?

He shot out a clawed hand, trying to catch him. What would another scar be to Potter?

Another swipe into the air, and there was a yell of pain, but it was female blood, not Potter's-

`*Hermione!* No, no, no!' Different voices now. Footsteps ran towards the source of the blood.

`I'll take her- Harry, deal with the monster, Hermione needs Pomfrey-Dustin, help me!' The sound of school shoes being dragged squeakily across the floor.

A final swipe. Tom felt the monster's razor claw dig into soft flesh and rip part of it away. An arm? Yes, Potter's blood spilled from his arm. The scent was thick and tangy with salt. The monster pleaded to be let loose on the fresh meat.

Tom gave the monster a free rein.

/

Dustin was soaked in Hermione's blood; He and Ron were both holding her up.

`Ron, she's not gonna make it!'

`Shut up! *She won't die!*'

Dustin didn't have the heart to argue otherwise- and he was having trouble breathing- but there was a gaping wound in Hermione's torso. It spanned her chest and stomach. And her blood was going everywhere.

They'd made it out of the dungeons and reached a corridor of classrooms.

`Son of a bitch, where do we *hide*?'

Hermione coughed, and more blood soaked her white school shirt. She let out a low moan, then mumbled something.

`Hermione, what is it?' Ron held Hermione's chin, forcing her to look at him through half-closed eyes. `Come on, you've got to keep talking.'

`V-vulnera...' Hermione's knees gave out and she flopped down. Dustin managed to catch her before she hit the floor. `Vulnera... San-en-tur,' and then her eyes slid shut.

`Hermione! *Hermione!*' Screamed Ron. With bloody fingers, he checked her pulse. `It's there, but it's so weak-'

`Dustin! In here!'

Dustin looked up and saw Mike leaning out of a classroom, beckoning.

Ron had tears spilling down his cheeks, but still heaved Hermione up. He sprinted, carrying her to the classroom, Dustin behind him. The sounds of the demogorgon got louder.

Eleven kept the wreckage of the desks suspended over the door to let them in. The minute Dustin came through she let it all drop, and hastily wiped the blood from her nose.

`Hermione?' She asked, freezing when she saw.

`Ron, what does Vulnera Sanentur mean?' Dustin asked, trying to keep Ron focused. Ron's breath caught in his throat as he shook his head.

`I don't know, I don't *bloody* know and she's going to die...'

`I can save her.' Eleven said.

Mike put pressed his hands to his cheeks. `The demogorgon wants you, and it's attracted by blood. What about when your nose bleeds?'

`I can save her,' Eleven repeated determindly.

`Then do it!' Ron half screamed, gesturing at Hermione's body. Her chest rose up and down in quick, rapid movements. Her shirt was so saturated with blood it looked black.

Eleven steeled herself. The same powerful intensity came over her as she outstretched her hand.

Hermione screamed, her back arching. Ron made to run towards her, but Dustin launched forwards and held him back.

`Stop! Look.'

Ron looked, and it wasn't a pleasant sight. Eleven was literally knitting Hermione's chest and stomach back together. She panted, blood dripping not only from her nose but a thin line traced down her earlobe.

Mike listened, and heard the demogorgon getting closer. He pulled a chair leg from the wreckage barricading the door. It's ends were spiked and jagged. It'd do.

He stood guard at the door, holding it like a sword and feeling, just for a moment, like he truly was from Dungeons and Dragons. But when playing that board game, he'd never imagined the stink of blood and sweat, or the fear that thundered through him.

There was another scream from behind him, and Eleven let out a low groan. Her skin got whiter and whiter.

`You can do it, Eleven!' Mike shouted. She looked up at him and nodded, arms shaking with exertion. This time, when Hermione screamed, Eleven's own scream joined in. Hermione's arched back flopped still, her wound healed.

Eleven panted heavily. Her knees inverted, and she collapsed onto her front.

Just as the demogorgon's body slammed through the door.

6. Chapter Six: Exit

6

Harry shot spell after spell at the demogorgon. Jets of colour flew from his wand. It shrieked as it fell back. Harry smiled with victory, letting his wand lower slightly.

Then it barreled towards him. Harry yelled with shock and shot another Stunning spell at it but it missed by miles, mainly because some other force had knocked him over.

`Potter, if you value your continued existence you will *run!*' Snape hollered.

Harry's mouth hung open disbelievingly as Snape screamed spell after spell at the demogorgon, before fleeing to find Ron and Hermione. He didn't know which direction they'd gone in; so he simply picked the nearest door.

0

Mike stabbed the demogorgon. Ron roared a spell, and Mike ducked as it struck the demogorgon squarely in the chest. He ripped the chair leg out of the demogorgon.

`Eleven, help us!'

Then he saw her still body, unmoving and pale. No- no, she couldn't be dead- he could see her chest moving up and down.

It was moving at the same pace Hermione's had been when she was an inch from death.

Then the demogorgon swiped at him, and Mike swung the chair leg against it's arm so hard it shattered. Hermione stood up, legs shaking and muttered a spell.

The demogorgon flew backwards through the door and slammed into the wall.

`Go, go, go!' Dustin shouted, and they all ran. Mike carried Eleven. They were defenceless, apart from Ron and Hermione.

`Harry?' Hermione asked weakly. Ron shook his head.

`Don't know where he is.'

Mike looked down at Eleven, and saw her eyes were drooping.

`What do we do to stop this thing?' Yelled Mike, gripping Eleven tighter.

`Open- gate,' she wheezed. `Wants me. Wants- to go- *home*.'

And then she passed out.

0

Harry ran through Hogwarts, looking for Ron and Hermione and shouting himself hoarse when he tripped over a horrifyingly tiny body.

A tiny body with flaming red hair.

Ginny.

`Ginny, can you hear me?' Harry asked, lifting her into a sitting position. Her eyes snapped open.

`Tom Riddle monster muggle turtle gone-'

`What?'

Ginny's eyes seemed completely white for a minute. Then her irises returned to the warm hazel shade.

`The Chamber of Secrets, I know where it is. The turtle told me- the Maturin- no time to explain, come on!'

Harry hadn't seen this side of her before; he obeyed, and ran after her. `We need your friends,' added Ginny, before hurdling over the unconscious demogorgon. Harry stared after her for a second, then the demogorgon twitched. He hastily jumped over it too.

Five students sprinted ahead of them.

`Hermione! Ron!' Harry yelled, and Ginny added her voice. They turned around.

`Ginny,' said Ron, and he crushed his younger sister in a hug. She pushed him off.

`Not now! Is that Eleven?' She pointed to Eleven, who, Harry saw with a start, was unconscious in Mike's arms.

`Yeah- how did you-?'

`Come with me!'

Ron looked startled. `Blimey, Harry,' he muttered.

They followed after her.

0

Tom weakly let go of the monster. It was too much; the monster could do whatever it wanted.

Tom Riddle, beaten, slid through the floor, down to the Chamber of Secrets.

0

Moaning Myrtle's bathroom?' Ron asked incredulously. *`Seriously?'*

Harry examined the sinks. A small, copper snake was on a tap.

`Parseltongue,' Ginny said, pointing at it. `The turtle says we need to do it in the Chamber of Secrets.'

On the word `turtle', Eleven stirred. There was something else she'd seen in the dark place... something other than the demogorgon. It had told her something important-

`Is Lucas down there?' Asked Dustin anxiously.

`No,' replied Ginny. `He's in the Upside Down.'

Harry didn't understand the sentence and didn't try to- he concentrated hard on the copper snake.

`Open,' he said firmly. There was a grind of concrete. The sinks drew back, showing a large pipe. Ginny went first, dropping out of sight.

`Now or never,' said Dustin, and slid down.

Eleven had started to move, so Mike carefully put her down. She rubbed her eyes, and walked to the pipe. She looked nervously down at the enclosed space. Her breath hitched in her throat, the beginnings of a panic attack.

Then she suddenly let go of the edges and disappeared down the tube with a scream.

Mike felt his chest swell with pride for her.

One after the other, the seven of them slid down, Mike going last.

He shot out of the pipe and immediately winced as several crunches penetrated the air. Then he looked down and realised that it was rat skulls, and not his own bones, that were breaking.

`Through here,' Ginny said.

Then a sticky, black substance shot out from the shadows and covered her face.

0

I know you Weasley girl I know you I know you and you're weak and pathetic and scared, so give in, give in NOW

NO! Ginny screamed into her head.

GIVE UP GIVE UP GIVE UP GIVE UP GIVE UP GIVE UP GIVE UP

I, SAID, NO! Ginny forced the Tom Riddle in her head away, far, far away, and suddenly the turtle was back inside her mind.

`I'll take him for you,' the turtle said mildly.

Tom Riddle disappeared.

0

And Ginny took in a heaving breath.

'Go,' she panted. 'Eleven will know what to do. Harry can open the doors.'

'Ginny, are you-' Ron asked, white as a sheet.

'I'm fine, now go.'

They did. Eleven went first. She was surprisingly speedy, for someone who looked so malnourished. The remaining six sprinted through the chamber, Hermione at the back in case the demogorgon came through the pipe and Eleven at the front in case it was already there.

'Harry, last door,' Hermione panted, clutching her chest. Harry didn't need to try this time.

'Open!'

It swung forward. The six clambered into the heart of the Chamber of Secrets.

Where the demogorgon waited, in front of the torn corpse of an enormous snake.

It let out a shriek and bounded towards them.

'*How is it down here?*' Yelled Ron, whipping out his wand and going white so fast even his freckles drained colour.

'It can teleport!' Mike shouted back, as Eleven ran towards the statue at the end. Mike and Dustin picked up stones and hurled them at the demogorgon as Harry, Ron and Hermione all shot spells. The demogorgon didn't want to kill Eleven, as she was its ticket home. Of course, that didn't mean it felt the same way about the others.

Eleven stretched out her arms, focusing all her energy on the statue. This would be the best place. It felt weaker here, somehow.

`Eleven, *hurry!*' Called Mike, his voice echoing off the stone walls. Eleven imagined the demogorgon killing him, ripping him apart like the students and teachers in the dungeons.

Power surged into her hands.

A slight tear opened up around Slytherin's mouth.

She thought of the cat. Of herself screaming in that tiny room.

The tear shredded upwards, and pain ripped through Eleven's chest. Okay. Okay. She swallowed; this was going to hurt.

She braced her legs in the shallow water, tensing all her muscles.

The tear got bigger, and bigger but still wasn't a gate. The demogorgon stopped its attack on the others, and looked at its way home.

Eleven's shoulder blades locked up, her hands shook, and suddenly the tear got deeper and orange light shone through, not big enough, still not big enough.

Eleven sobbed with pain and the final effort nearly tore her in half. A horrible scream burst from her chest.

`Eleven! *Stop! You'll kill yourself!*' Screamed Mike.

The demogorgon tilted back its head, and joined in with its own shriek. The shriek was filled with victory; the demogorgon leapt through the gate, disappearing.

`El, it's through! *You can stop now! Please!*'

Eleven felt her body breaking apart, atom by atom. She would shut the gate- she would send Mike and Dustin back. She would find Lucas and Will, trapped together in the Upside Down. She'd make sure the demogorgon stayed in its own world.

I'm sorry, Mike.

`ELEVEN!'

Goodbye.

Eleven's body broke apart into the ether.

And the gate closed with a deafening clap, as Dustin and Mike were ripped out of 1993.

Harry, Ron and Hermione panted like dogs, standing in the Chamber of Secrets. Ron looked about for them.

'Gone,' he said simply, touching the packet of sweets in his pocket; the only reminder they had existed at all.

0

Mike and Dustin thumped into the dust of Hawkins, Indiana, just in front of the bus.

'Eleven?'

Mike's throat ached. No. She couldn't be- she wasn't-

'Mike! Quick, come over!' Dustin shouted, taking off his Hogwarts robe and wrapping it around something under the bus.

Will lay there, looking sick and pale but very much alive. And staggering around from behind the bus was Lucas, massaging his head and coughing.

'What happened?' He groaned. Dustin started to excitedly explain, as Mike sat down heavily on a tire.

'You did it, El,' he whispered, hoping it somehow reached her.

0

Eleven took a heaving breath.

Her body ached. It took a minute for her eyes to adjust to the sudden sunlight. And when they did, she saw a dark silhouette above her. A girl, with auburn hair cropped short.

'Where am I?' Whispered Eleven, rivulets of blood snaking their way

down her cheeks.

`You're in Derry, Maine,' the girl said. `And if that's you, Pennywise, I'm more than happy to ram a railing down your throat again.'

End of Part One.

7. Author's Note

This crossover fanfiction was more a pilot run than anything else, although I did very much enjoy writing it and hope you enjoyed reading it! If you could please write constructive criticism in a review, that would be great, as Part 2 (coming soon!) will depend on whatever you write. For instance, put down aspects that need improving (I felt the end was a little rushed) and aspects that you enjoyed. That way I can figure out better what fanfiction readers like to read and how I can become a better author. I hope you enjoyed Arrival at Hogwarts!

Kitkat36912